

ns his Living. s Labor. nomical Convenience.

Other dairymen use a dog, a goat, or a calf, the one most convenient. Very many

Improved U. S. Separators

are being operated in this manner. The owner of the outfit here shown, writes:

I am using a No. 5 Improved United States Cream Separator, and running it with one of your Sheep Powers. I use the Power as a sheep weighing 120 pounds, and it runs very nicely indeed. The sheep took to the work quickly, so that we can leave him to run the Power while we are milking or doing other chores. I am separating six to ten pounds of milk per day in this way, and consider it the most convenient Power out.

I find a saving of \$1.00 to \$2.00 per month on my milk in the use of a Separator over any other method. A. J. DUNKLE, South Vernon, Vt., March 7, 1896.

hand operation or readily changed to be run by power. Lightly practical Sheep or Day Power. DESCRIBE FULLY. THEY ARE FREE. CATALOGS WANTED. B. H. HINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

Vol. LXV.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1897.

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

No. 19.

Maine Farmer.

Mr. Charles S. Pope of Manchester evaporated two tons of the dried fruit from his crop of apples of last season.

Houlton is solving the good roads problem. It yards its tramps, and sets them to breaking stone for the streets.

A correspondent in Connecticut inquires for a variety of field corn known as the "Shaw corn." Does any one know anything about such a corn?

The candid, cool and conservative sentiment shown at the hearing on disease of cattle, allowed plainly that Maine didn't care worth a cent.

Massachusetts State Grange joins with the Worcester Agricultural Society in holding a State Grange Fair at Worcester, to open August 31st. The Bay State Society is to stand back in its own shadow.

It looks very much like descending to insignificant matters for the Committee on Agriculture to report a bill requiring that "sheep shall be sheared before July 1st." The next thing should be an act requiring legislators to go to breakfast in the forenoon.

The first prize butter, scoring 95 points, at the Frederick, N. B., winter fair exhibit, was made from cows fed at the time one-half bushel of turnips a day each. Why says turnips cannot be fed without characteristically flavoring the product?

How are twigs, branches or trees killed by the cold? Possibly none will be killed by twenty degrees above zero, when twenty below is sure to take their life. Yet they freeze in both cases. Peach buds will go through a zero temperature all right, but twenty below will kill them. What is it that kills?

The seed for compulsory tuberculosis test on cattle has had its run and been set aside. At the hearing before the Massachusetts legislature on tuberculosis not a person appeared to advocate that extreme measure. The proposition of using the test only on request of the owner of the cattle was supported by Dr. Austin Peters, chairman of the Board of Cattle Commissioners, who claimed that farmers in that State had had good cause for grievance.

Prof. C. S. Plumb, Director of the Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station, and author of "Indian Corn Culture," will spend his summer vacation in visiting stock farms in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Jersey, Guernsey and Shetland Islands, and probably Denmark and Holland. This trip is undertaken for educational purposes, with a view to the study of the various heads of the improved breeds of live stock.

"Agricola" claimed that farmers can tell whether clover and grass seed is clean if they will give attention to it. The farmers of Turner Grange are attending to this matter themselves. Last year they purchased three or four hundred dollars' worth of seed from a firm which furnished clean seed, and were so well pleased with the result that this year they are to give an order for a much larger amount. They do not ask for a law to attend to what is their own business.

THE KIEFFER PEAR.

Maine parlors of fruit trees are still giving some orders for Kieffer pear trees. Do they really understand what they are about, or are they depending on the agent whose only object of course is to sell? We saw this pear from many Maine gardens last autumn. It is hardy and will bear. But our seasons are too short for it, and found here it is hardly as inferior in every other respect as it is in maturity. Even on the Delaware Peninsula, where it attains its highest perfection, it is only produced for the canner, and does not reach a maturity sufficient for that. Grow those varieties that are choice dessert fruit, and they will be found far better for canning than the half grown Kieffer. S. D. Willard of New York says there has been more money made of late (not by Maine growers, however), on the Kieffer pear than on any other variety, but it now seems we have come to the point where there will be more Kieffer pears than the world wants.

NICHOLS APPLE.

At the Winthrop exhibition there was a plate of apples on exhibition from Monmouth known locally by the name given above. It is grown to a considerable extent in the east section of that town. We understand it to be a native. The apple is of the size and nearly the shape of the Baldwin, tapering slightly toward the eye than that familiar variety. In color it is bright red all over, darkest in the sun, and sprinkled all over with quite large light dots. Apple harder than Baldwin, very heavy, core almost solid; flesh fine grain, juicy and crisp, lively pleasant acid flavor.

Good, to very good. Fruit very handsome. It must be a taking apple in the English market.

We would like to learn more of this variety. Will some of our readers in Monmouth give us the origin, habits of growth and hardiness of tree, whether a good bearer, and any other facts of importance concerning it? There was not a handsome plate of fruit on exhibition.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES

A Piscataquis farmer writes to his county paper that he always attends the farmers' institutes when within reach, but he must say that he is losing confidence in their practical value to the farmer. Fluent talkers, rather than practical farmers engaged in conducting the business, are selected for speakers, and they mislead by painting the work in higher colors than experience will warrant. The poultry expert talks of eggs at thirty to thirty-six cents a dozen, while the dairy lecturer talks wisely of beef types and dairy types and makes up his case on 400 pound cows with the butter sold at thirty cents a pound, while he condemns as worthless the general purpose cow on which the farmers in their actual work are making their best returns.

It is not our purpose to question, but some of this criticism is well taken. Still there are two sides to the question of what the character of institute work should be. There is no section of the State where the farmers are better informed in both the theory and the practice of farming than in the Piscataquis valley, and the farmer in question is one of these. The object of institute work is two-fold—to instruct and to encourage. The instruction must come largely through elucidation of principles involved in the business. And this is important work. Bacon commanded, "Burn those books! they contain no principles!" and there is a bit of sound philosophy in the Baconian decree. There are principles governing all successful work. It matters not who discloses to the intelligent and thinking farmer the principles involved in his work. That speaker is the best for this work who can disclose the facts in the clearest manner and in the most concise language. The farmer is wrong who brags up against the truth because it comes from a high and competent authority. There will always be room for this class of lecturers at institutes, and farmers with unprejudiced ears can ever learn much from them.

On the other hand, the application of these principles can better be discussed by the man who is working out results in his own practice. Much, however, of this must be left for the individual farmer to apply in his own case according to conditions and surroundings. A listener at an institute must never look for specific directions to be taken as a rigid rule in farm management to govern his own efforts. His own conditions must come in as an important factor. This work can only be instructive through being suggestive—leading the hearer to consider what may be made applicable to his own case. Thus the man who is himself engaged in working out these problems, other things being equal, is best qualified to give instruction in this direction, and therefore may well be looked upon as better entitled to the confidence of his hearers, than he who has only qualified himself in the theories involved. Farmers are therefore justified in listening with more confidence, in the presentation at institutes of the practical side of farming to the man who is in it, rather than to the lecturer who paints his pictures only.

The criticism that speakers draw their conclusions and make out their case too much from the highest attainable figures possible has some force. This in the end results in breaking down confidence and in greater or less measure defeating the object in view. At the same time all of this work should be elevating in its influence and leading at all times to still better work and better results. There is no need to dwell on the failures and call up the disappointments. These are to be avoided, and all teaching is to avoid and overcome them. The better schooled the farmer is in the principles involved in his work, and the more he learns from others and studies out himself of the problem of hired help on the farm. This does not need and need not by any means contemplate the neglect and the running down of the land. Rather it means the working of the soil for the production of such crops as require the least labor. This system can be easily dropped into any year. We commend it to the attention of those who are considering the problem of hired help on the farm.

The question of labor on the farm is an important one. We throw out the above ideas as suggestive rather than directory. We invite a discussion of the subject by our readers.

ROAD REPAIRS—AN OVERSIGHT.

In the discussions going on over the question of highway improvement and road repairs, the argument is made that all the money and labor that has been expended in the keeping of roads in repair has been wasted. The representation is made, and we have never seen it refuted, that the roads thoroughly built in the first place, crushed stone roads for example, this vast annual outlay would all be saved, and we should have the benefit of these model roads indefinitely without further cost.

There never was a misleading error. Such a representation was greater all through. Whatever the grade of the road built,

from the simple dirt track rounded by plough and scraper to the most perfect McAdam, they all need constant attention and an annual outlay to keep them up to the standard of condition when first built. Cost of repair never can be overcome or outlived. Even the best constructed railroad, with its perfect drainage, its provisions against frost and its gravel or broken stone ballast, costs much more per mile to keep it in repair than is ever raised for any of our highways. A McAdam thoroughfare can only be kept in its perfect condition by watchful care and continued expense.

Thus what is gained by the large outlay advocated for thoroughly constructed highways is good roads, and not immunities from further expense in keeping them in repair. This cost will ever follow them, and as a rule the higher the standard of the roads the greater will be the cost of keeping them up to that standard.

A vast economy can be exercised in the expenditure of money raised for repairs, and at the same time a still further improvement condition maintained, by a more watchful care throughout the year. It costs less to guard against a road getting out of repair than it does to put it in good condition after the damage. Those having the charge of highways the coming year will do well to consider these things.

HIRING HELP ON THE FARM.

"I greatly need help on my farm, and would like to have the labor question discussed in the Farmer," writes a young farmer.

The price of nearly all the staple productions of the farm have ruled low the past year and must continue measurably so for a year to come. At the same time the price of such labor as a Maine farmer wants on his farm remains the same as years ago, when the income from it was much greater than now. This makes it very difficult, or quite impossible, to make this labor return its cost. Hence with a young farmer but recently starting out in business for himself and having no great accumulations with which to bridge over any deficiency that may occur at the end of the year, he may well look the problem over before entering into an arrangement that does not promise to pay its way through.

The writer has always employed help on the farm, whatever the outlook. If land is not kept at work it is poor property. It must be kept doing something. Neglected to run down in production, it rapidly deteriorates in actual value, and drags the owner down with it. This course will never answer with any farmer. It only leads to poverty of pocket with the owner and poverty of soil with the land. Hence there are years when the hired help is actually paying its way, though the immediate money returns from the labor do not figure that way. This is a view of the problem that no owner of a farm should overlook.

It is a peculiar characteristic of land, and not to be found with any other class of property, that the more you draw from it the more valuable it grows. Treat it so generally as to secure good crops and it is left in condition to do still better the next year. Neglect it and there is the double loss of a less crop and a lost productiveness. Hence the farmer with means will find it to his advantage to carry on his work with a steady hand. Seasons of depression pass by, and the reaction is sure to come which tilts the balance in the other direction and finds the productive acres all ready for a generous response.

But the amount of labor needed to carry on a farm and keep up its condition depends of course on the kind of farming carried on. This may be greatly modified without reducing the productive condition of the land. Hence there may be a great saving of hired help made by adopting a system of farm management that calls for the least practicable of man labor. Such a course is found in the exclusive production of fodder crops to be fed out to stock. This work from beginning to end is chiefly done by the team. It is, too, a line of work that, properly handled, may be relied upon for profitable results. Under conditions and surroundings adapted to this line of production such a course has much to commend it. In large measure it solves the perplexing problem of hired help on the farm. This does not need and need not by any means contemplate the neglect and the running down of the land. Rather it means the working of the soil for the production of such crops as require the least labor. This system can be easily dropped into any year. We commend it to the attention of those who are considering the problem of hired help on the farm.

The question of labor on the farm is an important one. We throw out the above ideas as suggestive rather than directory. We invite a discussion of the subject by our readers.

INQUIRY.

Will the writer of the article on articles which appeared in the issue of Jan. 8th, inform through the Farmer where the variety he raised can be obtained for seed, and the price? and oblige

SUBSCRIBER.

DAIRY CATTLE BREEDING.

Opinions of a Noted Authority.

Milking Machines Wanted.

Mr. Thomas A. Havemeyer of New York has furnished the *Trust, Field and Farm* with a clear, and highly interesting statement of his efforts to raise the standard of milk and butter production in what he terms his "milking machines." The conclusions of this close student are worthy careful consideration. He says: "I have been a breeder for many years, my father before me, and so far as making the cow a machine for the profitable production of rich milk, I have succeeded, the proof of which is that I have increased the average yield per cow, in pounds of milk given during the year, from 4,500 pounds to (in 1895) 5,000 pounds, and (in 1896) 5,262 pounds, the animals ranging in age from three to sixteen years.

The increase in quantity has, in my opinion, been due solely to proper "selection" and not to change in quantity or quality of ration fed.

The richness of the milk has also increased during this period, so that to-day 14 pounds of milk make one pound of butter.

I have always paid the strictest attention to hygienic conditions. The animals are groomed regularly, bars kept as clean as possible and well ventilated, and the best of food is given. The manure is removed from the cellar daily, weather permitting.

When I commenced selling milk in New York, it occurred to me that it would be advisable to assure my customers that the milk sold came from absolutely healthy animals. A veterinarian, Dr. J. C. Corlies, was employed to make monthly examinations of the entire herd, and his certified report of the condition of the animals was sent to my dairy, 622 Sixth Avenue, New York, and the weed-out which they led to forced me to the conclusion that as a breeder of a

Milking Machine

I might be a success, but as a breeder for increase of herd I was a failure, and that if I wished to be successful in both directions I must look for a cross which, while preserving the quality and quantity of the product, would also give to the progeny of my herd the power to resist disease, which my Jerseys did not possess. I came reluctantly to the conclusion that in developing the milk-giving capacity the secretive organs and system have been weakened and made more susceptible and less able to withstand contagion. This is only my opinion. I have no scientific facts or statistical data to confirm it and therefore hesitate to advise others to follow my example until the results at Mountside Farm confirm it.

These being the conditions, I realized the necessity of making a radical out-cross, and Mr. Mayer, my son-in-law and manager, was requested, while in Europe, to ascertain if there were a breed of cattle which, for a long period of time had been free from tuberculosis. He found that the disease was not only prevalent there, but almost all breeds were affected—the Normandies and Ayrshires in the least degree—while the sole exception was the Siemmental. In Switzerland, in the Valley of Siemmental, near Berne, he found that

Tuberculosis was Unknown among the cattle, and for 200 years not an authentic case of this disease had been reported.

On the receipt of Mr. Mayer's advice I gave orders for the importation of a herd and was able to secure some exceptionally fine specimens of this breed.

The color is cream and white, with a preponderance of the cream color. They have fine heads with a gentle, lively expression, fine horns, pointed well forward and upward, neck fine, rather short, with a strong dewlap, body well rounded at the ribs and locked at the loins. The hind quarters are broad and the fundamental is very low and remarkably regular; the upper parts strongly provided with muscles, and the parts under the knees are fine. The udders are well formed, often having six teats, and the skin of the udder is of a particularly soft silky texture. The hides, in most cases, very fine, tender, loose and yellow. The bulls, when mature, will weigh from 2,200 to 3,000 pounds, and are remarkably active and quick in service. The cows will average in weight about 1,800 pounds. They are justly celebrated for their production of milk and butter on little else than pasture in Summer and hay in Winter.

I expect these cattle to give much better yields of milk than those noted below, as this year they have become acclimated and better accustomed to the difference in feed and care.

The cows were five years old when they made this record:

Randi, calved Oct. 16, 1895, to Oct. 7, 1896, 6,338 lbs. 15 oz.
Schlegel, calved Dec. 14, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 5,212 lbs. 14 oz.
Jungferli, calved Sep. 20, 1895, to Oct. 19, 1896, 5,297 lbs. 9 oz.
Fain, calved Apr. 4, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 5,116 lbs. 3 oz.
Fain, calved Apr. 10, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 5,771 lbs. 15 oz.
Mirza, calved Sept. 11, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 5,297 lbs. 14 oz.
Bari, calved July 21, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 5,741 lbs. 15 oz.
Fried, calved Dec. 12, 1895, to Aug. 25, 1896, 5,229 lbs. 6 oz.

From actual tests in the dairy, 23

pounds of milk of the Siemmenthals make one pound of butter.

While awaiting the arrival of the Siemmenthals I visited the United States Quarantine Station at Gardfield, N. J., and saw there a herd of Normandy cattle. I was very much pleased with their appearance, and, having in mind the result of the investigations of my manager, and the reports of the French Commissioners, that the Normandy cattle are remarkably free from tuberculosis, in order to at once begin my out-cross I bought the herd.

The milk of this breed is especially noted for its Delicate Flavor and the butter made from it.

The French farmer rarely houses his cattle, having open sheds in which they live, are milked and drop their young. The winter are pastured in Summer and in Winter are fed a ration of hay with a little grain. They are very gentle and are cared for almost exclusively by women. The cows are brindle in color and the get of the cross (on the thoroughbred Jersey cow) are brindle, showing the prepotency of the male. The udders are large and the milk veins not only tortuous but very prominent. The teats are long, wide-spread, and handle very well.

The milk yield is from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds per year, while some of our Normandy cows have exceeded these figures. I believe that the yields given below will be increased after these cows have been at Mountside Farm another year:

Alaska, calved Oct. 11, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 9,335 lbs. 11 oz.
Annie, calved Apr. 29, 1895, to Oct. 19, 1896, 8,262 lbs. 9 oz.
Annie, calved Feb. 15, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 8,450 lbs. 9 oz.
Cheviote, calved Feb. 6, 1895, and Sept. 6, 1896, 6,718 lbs. 9 oz.
Circassienne, calved Jan. 16, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 8,477 lbs. 3 oz.
Lisouren, calved Oct. 10, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 6,425 lbs. 9 oz.
L'ye d'Or, calved Sept. 29, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1896, 11,857 lbs. 9 oz.
La Truite, calved Jan. 26, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 8,450 lbs. 9 oz.
Mlle de Oureguenne, calved Apr. 19, 1895, and Apr. 4, 1896, 5,262 lbs. 14 oz.
Morgeline, calved Jan. 12, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1896, 7,884 lbs. 8 oz.

Twenty-four pounds of milk of the Normandies make one pound of butter.

My greatest fear, a fear in which many shared, was, in making this violet out-cross, an anticipated difficulty of the cows in calving.

The bulls have been bred to animals of all ages, and the heifers have dropped their calves as easily as the older cows. There has not been the slightest trouble in this respect, not one calf has been lost in dropping, not one calf has died, and all are healthy.

The pure-bred Jersey calves weigh at birth an average of 52 pounds, while the Siemmental and Normandy Jerseys (the out-cross) average 75 pounds.

The ration of the Jerseys, Normandies and Siemmenthals has been the same. In conclusion I would add that my objects in trying the out-cross have been:

(1) To secure an animal strong in constitution and better able to resist disease.

(2) To retain, if possible, the milking and butter making qualities of the thoroughbred Jersey.

(3) To obtain a larger animal, which, when no longer needed for the dairy, would bring a greater return to the farmer as beef.

(4) An animal, the males of which, not needed for service, might profitably be raised as steers. Those I have raised have shown, thus far, an increase of two pounds daily in weight since their birth."

DEATH OF LUTHER HENRY TUCKER.

The Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y., was in black last week over the death of its senior editor, Luther Henry Tucker, which occurred at his house in Albany, Tuesday, February 23d, at the age of 62 years. The immediate cause of his death was an acute attack of Bright's disease, though his physical powers had been seriously weakened for several years by overwork and never ceasing confinement to the duties devolving upon him as partner in the publication and editor-in-chief of the *Country Gentleman* since 1873. Mr. Tucker was also called to serve in other positions of honor and trust, in all of which there was ever manifest that marked ability and that fidelity to duty that characterized all his efforts through life. But it was in connection with the *Country Gentleman*, a paper that has well earned a world-wide fame, that he was best known. A broad, deep and full knowledge, and a conscientious adherence to right and truth, characterized all his editorial utterances, and contributed his full share in making his paper easily the leader of the agricultural journals of the world.

The directors of the Hancock County Agricultural Society have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Walter J. Creamer of Penobscot; vice president, Capt. John W. Kane; secretary, Nahum Hinckley; treasurer, Merrill P. Hinckley. And have decided upon the following dates for trotting and annual fair to be held at Mount Park, Bluehill, June 10th, July 8th, August 11th, the fair Sept. 21, 22, and 23d, the purses and premiums to be announced later.

There is one good christian in the person of Rev. G. W. Hinckley, of the Good Will Farm—he doesn't ask for a legislative appropriation.

Communications.

Reported for the Maine Farmer THE MAINE STATE COLLEGE.

[Read at the meeting of Cushman Grange, Riverside, Feb. 24th, 1897, by Mrs. O. H. Brown.]

I was surprised at and sorry for the action taken by Kennebec Pomona Grange on the resolution offered by our worthy brother, in regard to the Maine State College. I should exceedingly regret any opposition on the part of Patrons of Husbandry, or any industrial class of people, to the State College. Some of our agricultural people seem to think that the college was intended only for the agricultural class; that nothing should be taught that is not strictly related to agriculture, and that it should be taught in such a manner that all our sons, whom we send there for an education, shall become farmers; that if anything else be taught, or if in developing the intellects and cultivating the minds of our boys, desires to engage in any other pursuit are awakened in them, we should turn a cold shoulder toward the college and say, "Let the State College go! If we cannot have our boys returned to us as farmers, we will have nothing more to do with it!" Now we would ask in all sincerity, is all the education you wish for your son that which teaches him how to obtain the most milk or butter from a cow with the smallest cost, or how to compound a fertilizer that shall give the best results for your crops, or how to fatten a hog with the least expense? If so, I am sorry for the boy, and more sorry for the man with ideas of an education so narrow.

But the college was intended to benefit the agricultural no more than any other industrial class. Neither was anything forbidden or excluded in its teaching which is taught in any other college. This college was intended to teach, not less, but more than other strictly classical colleges, so that while a young man sent to a classical college is fitting himself for a profession only, one sent to the Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts has a chance to make his choice between a profession and any other pursuit; for does not the law require it to be "One college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such a manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life?" So that this college was not intended to be more circumscribed in its studies than other colleges, but broader, more liberal; in that, while not excluding the classical studies, it includes or may include, every knowledge science and all the mechanic arts. But while classical studies are not excluded, those relating to agriculture and the mechanic arts are, and should be paramount, enabling the poorer classes to acquire an education of the greatest practical value instead of wasting valuable time on the dead languages which are of no practical use; only serving, as many say, in disciplining the mind. Will not the study of the natural sciences be as valuable in that direction as Greek and Latin? And will they not at the same time awaken in the mind desires to go deeper into nature's wonders, to make new developments and new discoveries that may be of great practical value to the world?

The boy may be born, and while a boy, kept on the farm, but when he arrives at man's estate he is free to choose his own pursuit in life. He may choose some trade or profession as better suited to his capacities and tastes; then the farm is only the place for him to be born and raised. If we send our boys to the State College, do we expect or desire that they all become farmers? Is it not better that they have secured a good, substantial education, that they choose for themselves what pursuit they will follow? And will not that education help them to decide more wisely than they otherwise would?

If the people of Maine are not satisfied that the several branches are conducted in the most advantageous manner, they have the power, through their legislators, to prescribe the manner in which they shall be taught. We had been hoping that Cushman Grange would offer some resolutions in favor of a sufficiently large appropriation for the college before it was too late; but when Pomona treated the subject with contempt, it seemed to have the effect to silence the subordinate Granges. I hope the people of Maine will stand by the college and demand that it be conducted in the interest of the industrial classes. And we would say: Long live the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts!

PISCATAQUIS POMONA.

Piscataquis Pomona Grange met with East Sangerville Grange, Thursday, Feb. 18th. There was a large attendance, over two hundred being present. At the roll call of Granges, East Sangerville, Parkman, Central, East Dover, South Dover and Pleasant River Granges responded. Visi-

ors were present from Dexter Grange, who gave us words of good cheer for the order there. A class of 20 were instructed in the fifth degree. The address of welcome by Sister Augusta Jackson was very good, and we regret that we cannot forward it with the response for publication. The response was given by Sister Elsie Crafts of Valley Grange, as follows:

Brothers and Sisters of East Sangerville Grange: We thank you heartily for the warm welcome which you so eloquently, through one of our sisters, extend to us to-day. That none but kind words would come from you to us we well knew, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. We regret that we have not the silvery tones and words of the born orator in which to reply. We plead lack of talent, and besides the care of a very young granger, whose vocal power bids fair to outdo Demosthenes, is turned with full force on your humble servant when her time is being given to anything outside "woman's sphere."

We are still striving to walk in the path, and live the life of the honest farmer, sometimes weary, but not often cast down. We hope that God will bless our efforts as he anciently blessed Abraham, the father of the faithful, who years ago pastured his flocks in the far away land of the East, and who, with his followers, set the example of industry and respectability for all who follow his calling in generations yet unborn. This life of ours, though made up of toil and deprivations, is not wholly devoid of pleasure. Who are so well fitted for the post, the painter, the sculptor, as is the farmer boy and girl, whose life is made up amid the changing scenes and beauties of nature, gazing at the far away mountain peaks, listening to the murmuring rills, watching and listening to the birds and bees among the flowers of our own God-given possessions, and thereby being drawn nearer and nearer through nature to nature's God. Let us open our souls to all the gentle influences, cultivating goodness, "God in us," which will make us noble men and women, helping us in bringing our children up in the way to be teachers and leaders in the great busy world of thought and action.

I am sorry that our schools are not up to our village standard, but are not in some measure to blame for it, especially as the town system is being practiced? Let us acquaint ourselves with what goes on in village schools; see that we have as good teachers and helpful books for our children to study, if not, demand them. They can be ours if we take the right course. Brothers, look after it, see that our children are as well provided for as our more fortunate village friends, that they may not come up lacking in things which are so necessary for success in more advanced schools.

Brothers, you can attend the town meetings, you can vote. We women can speak only through you. We feel these things deeply. We ask you to be as valiant as were the knights of old for women. Ten to one their instincts will often lead them aright than your cool, calculating reason will do. Might is not always right, as has often been proved. Do not, for some petty office, take off your hat and bow and scinge to a few leaders, whose hearts beat only for self, and such a self. I sometimes think that future generations will feel that is left of such ones to their care. There is a spirit within us which will never die, and that spirit we should clothe with beauty, truth and love. Let us never choke the words of truth which the Eternal Husbandman is forever sowing in our hearts, leading us to grander heights.

If our home is on the farm, it is our duty to make that home the gladdest place on earth. If we have not the money to beautify it, it may be the manly part and the woman's grace to bring far greater treasures of innocent joy, of happy laughter, which causes the light of home to brighten in each heart; and when the fierce storms of life rage outside, be sure we close the shutters of our home, kindle the fire of love brighter, and shut out all ill-feelings, maintaining cheerfulness there. We cannot improve a gloomy situation by whining. Let us turn our faces to the sunshine of God's love, dispense charity to all, and thereby grow more and more into the likeness of our Elder Brother, whose life was given up to good works, and we all at last shall be received into the bright, heavenly mansions of life eternal.

A paper on housekeeping by Sister Freeland Thompson was excellent, also the paper by Sister L. J. Hobbs was very interesting. This article will appear in the columns of the *Farmer*. The literary entertainment by East Sangerville Grange was very interesting, consisting of music, reading, and an amusing dialogue by members. The next meeting will be with Valley Grange the third Thursday in March.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Boutelle, daughter of Congressman Boutelle, to Mr. William W. Palmer, of the firm of Mason & Palmer, and a son of Mr. W. E. Palmer of Bangor, is announced.

Department.	C
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SWEET PEA.
 O, who cares to sing thy
 with the gem of glowing
 thing, of every day,
 myriad-numbered birds,
 Oh the lily's purity;
 him thy utmost glow;
 sent her fairest queen;
 thy head and bent it low,
 common earth; no royal
 though thy humble, peasant
 cease, better thou shouldst
 beside the village lanes.
 And, thou hast a fairer
 and or grace could give to
 in gentle hearts
 thy sweet simplicity.

ers contend to win the

ing your seat then on the
wer, in quiet, fragrant
hearts that are thine
of WOMAN IN THE
RANGE.

H. Hols, before Pisaga-
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Last I seemed these resembl point, that the success rec to work together every man or our broad land ship, was w high principle striving to ut they not only but the Grang crew of them.

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Rev. W. J. Mas, is an he gave a paper Massachusetts recent meeting gave the follow culture:

"Make a p crease the blo of the plant so the soil the sows. The soft bed bene hardy growth weakens it fo a top growth root to support the expense of as early as p gave us no th with delight day, after the paid for the dained time s seed liber various losses, the rate of or more than that After all conse

er time and man-stand nearer

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE CROW.

By Helen A. Alden.

Poets sing of stately flowers,
And dingles where they grow;
Of meadow-birds and orioles,
And even of the snow.
Hail the power, I fain would sing
In honor of the crow.

His voice is not melodious
As yet so bold and free,
That though it holds no melody
'Tis passing sweet to me;
And it heralds first the coming
Of a spring-time yet to be.

Though he may be an outlaw,
With a price upon his head,
Yet I like his stately bearing,
And his dignified tread—
And we need not at his coming
Feel any sense of dread.

He may be a diplomatist,
Yet statesman, too, are so!
So why change grave diplomacy
Against a humble crow?
If competition were less sharp
He'd never stoop so low.

Were I a homeless wanderer,
Away on alien ground,
Where no familiar scenes of home
Could ever be found,
I know the cawing of a crow
Would prove a joyous sound.

When first I hear his cawing
On a bleak March day,
At once I feel the rapture
Of the coming of the May;
And all at once the winter
Seems to have passed away;

And all the air is redolent
Of the newly ploughed sod,
And all the fields are bright
Of springtime's green and gold;
And I offer up a silent prayer
Of thankfulness to God.

Let poets sing of fairer things—
Of all the flowers that grow,
Of meadow-birds and orioles,
Of the gleaming snow.
Hail the power, I fain would sing
In honor of the crow.

Our Story Teller.

A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, professor, I am afraid I shall have to rent or sell the farm; my wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about 50 years old, and as robust as a man of 30. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full, red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and natty cutaway coat, and below his vest hung a single fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was such a perfect specimen of a New York gentleman from the rural districts that I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?"

"Yes. Kinder drooping, with a dry cough and no ambition. She just kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swear."

"Naturally weak, wasn't she?"

"She! Oh, no. When I married her, she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for my father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor girl and her husband got her a rich husband."

Here he took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely fitting trousers.

"So she did well, getting married on account of her husband?"

"Why, of course. She was getting only \$2.50 a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me, but how much are you worth now—confidentially, you know? I am a scientific man and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd \$50,000 pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next Fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willing."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these 30 years?"

"Hm—um—Jenny, see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons place, got war prices for my cheese and squared up both places. Well, I think I have cleared up \$30,000 since we split."

"Very good indeed. And your wife has been a great help all this time?"

"Oh, you bet! She was a rattler! She took care of her baby and the milk from 20 cows. I tell you she made the tinware flop! Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time."

"Splendid, and you have cleared \$30,000 in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She! Why, darn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, you beat all! Why, she is my wife, and we own it all together."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants them? Then she has a servant girl when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and gold chain as you do? Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. No body's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You say she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting \$2.50 per week when you married her and had served her wages, she would have had now \$3,000. If she had invested it, she would have had \$5,000. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so badly she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help and will probably get nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would like you quicker than a spring lamb can jump a badly she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help and will probably get nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

will end in a rosewood coffin and a first class country funeral!"

"Stop that, professor, you're wrong!"

"While you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of 18 who would jump at the chance to marry your 30 cows and 20 acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Waterbury wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbor's girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a new silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own, gold and rubber, and her nose is pushed up into her forehead and her face wrinkles. She never goes out. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice shoes like yours."

"I can't say that I like it."

"No, you won't. You will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high flier who will pull every hair out of your head and serve you right too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake, stop!"

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest any day, she would be one of the best looking women of her age in the town."

"I swear I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday and drive around with the coils and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then, Monday, if you were to tell her you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting room by the new nickel plated coal stove and work on that new silk dress you are going to buy her?"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nice wallet with steel clasps and with five nice new \$20 notes in it, and tell her to do her housework after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live."

"And then, when the tear starts in her eye, and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went out that teeter to Albany, if you would let her?"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then, my friend, I should begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you wouldn't have a miserable wife any longer. Then you would no longer want to sell or rent the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know she was a partner in that \$30,000. Then, if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would be some time before she would die."

"Think so, professor?"

"I know it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. You have made her think she is an old woman. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What me? I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you because you are tied to such a sorry looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots and oil just little hair you have left on the top of your head and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"Say now, see here, professor, there is a limit to endurance, I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week. Will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk and won't tell of my complaints about my wife. I'll try my medicine. Would you stick for that prescription about the pocketbook and \$20 notes?"

"How much did you say you have made together?"

"I care. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phaeton will be handy for the girls. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this talk. If you can't let an old man, I'll be tipping his derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away."

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."

—Exchange.

NEAR THE GALLOWES.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not 40 feet away from me lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dogcart to the ground, apparently stone dead. And the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitter enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol, and this action threw the man, dead or wounded, from the cart. The groom, who was sitting back to back with his master, jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, came toward and went past me in a mad gallop.

As a drowning man thinks so did I in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master, he saw the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexterously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to realize that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless proof of the real murderer could be produced.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to escape, came in hot pursuit of me.

Inside of the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair, green fields stretched away to the hillsides, beyond which the white walls of a farmhouse were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place upon the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedgerow in vain. There was not the slightest clew to the murderer to be seen.

I determined that the man who had fired the shot must have been in the station, from whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train to the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? If not, I reflected, I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside of the hedge and toward the railway station. The groom had given up pursuit of me, doubtless thinking it his duty to return to his master's body. It waited six minutes before the train came, and I saw by a hasty glance at my watch, but I did not know how far the station was from where the murder occurred.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my life depended on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effort cost me no strain. My mind began to tell me, however, at the end of the first quarter mile, and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dog cart, with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside.

Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the dog cart, and as I sat there, my strength would let me, and gathering up the reins, I struck the whip, and we were off as fast as the animal could run toward the station.

I estimated that there were still two minutes before the train was due, and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive, and with it came an inspiration.

The murderer might never be found. At all events, I could not lay hands on him just then. Why not take the train and let the opportunity present itself? It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open. So I urged the animal to still greater speed, and, pulling up at a bend in the road, I saw a man standing by the side of the dog cart, and just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if indeed it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unenviable position of a witness to a crime. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train down from New York.

Hopeville is an exceedingly unpretentious little New Jersey village. It is a country store and two small houses besides the station could be so described. When I stepped out of the train, I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was about 1 1/2 miles from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins, and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours, who left his money to me, and whose will was so framed that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened, by the terms of the will most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The courts upheld the will, and I declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself, who had not spoken for five years, and I, of course, had not been near his home until that eventful day, when I hurried down in response to his telegram. True, I did think that it was a curious thing for Cutting to do—to telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville—but on second thought I concluded that some business of importance in connection with certain interests which were vital to both of us required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to come himself.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling toward Jersey City. As I have said, Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tightened about my neck. When the train stopped at the next station, I trembled in every limb, fully expecting to see some one come into the car to arrest me. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself to be lulled by the fact that I was not being apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any of the out town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot, I made my way with all

possible haste toward the waiting room, and, greatly to my surprise, I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and, acting upon impulse, I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a dispatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well known New Yorker, near his country place, at Hopeville, N. J. The account in the paper said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case and that, although they refused to give out any of the facts, they were in possession of a clew which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street, registering under an assumed name, and then endeavoring to keep my mind as free as possible. I hardly think I slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon my bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfectly innocent. Undoubtedly so, but I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, and I was not sure that I did not get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jim, we've got nothing but roasted spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jim. We're poorer now than Job's turkey."

I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, Jim, I have not eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooly getting drowned in the pond to father's going down there to an armful of shingles, and having to mortgage his place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week, and a not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came and father said: "Jim, go out and get a night's sleep. It's all right. Bring in an armful of shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the waterpail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing."

I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, and put a pailful of water, filled the wood box and then we all went to bed.

Father called me at half past 4 in the morning, and while he was getting ready I skipped over to the depot, crossed lots, and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He hoveed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver rigged shiner on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did.

At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I put a letter from Cutting, with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef, with a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. Mother had not on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday go to meeting clothes, none too good either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear conscience. I jumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the \$1,000 in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he struck his knife into the roast.

"We haven't had a piece of meat like that in five years, Jim," he said, and mother put in a word or two, but I had had my coffee in a year, only when we went visiting."

Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so, "How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?"

She picked something that was not sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. "Aha, Master Jimmy, playing your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys."

Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me and then at father, then with trembling fingers she drew out the roll of bills. "Ha, ha, ha! I can see father now, as he stood there on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, his fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes slowly to heaven and said, 'But you trust in the Lord, for he will provide.'"

Then she fainted away. Well, John, there is not much more to tell. We

People are terrified by a lightning bolt strikes near, and pray to be delivered from sudden death; yet they do not heed the warning of the lightning bolt until it strikes them down. Consume the food that is just as surely as lightning and it is a great deal nearer all the time. People never realize how near it is because it steals on so gradually.

Loss of appetite and flesh; poor sleep; poor digestion; nervousness; a lack of energy and force; these are the beginnings of consumption; it is a disease that is just as surely as lightning and it is a great deal nearer all the time. People never realize how near it is because it steals on so gradually.

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